

**RED KAMEL LIGHTS** 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

**Red Kamel and The Quest invite  
you to spend New Year's Eve with us.**

# **SHEILA E**

**along with Sabor Tropical  
will be ringing in  
the New Year, salsa style**

**Doors open at 8pm.**

**Tickets are**

**\$30 in advance • \$35 day of show.**

**Champagne toast at midnight.**

**Dress attire is requested. Must be 21 or older.**

**THE  
QUEST**

**110 N. 5th Street  
Warehouse District  
Minneapolis  
612-338-3383**

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking  
Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.**



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have to do with each other? I'm definitely not equating Hutchence with Christ, although, per John Lennon's adage, *Kick* did go platinum times 10 while "Israel in 4 B.C. had no mass communication" (to quote Judas, as revivified by Rice/Webber). To my eye, INXS had nothing to sell beyond a few well-worn guitar hooks and Hutchence's leather-clad hips. But Jesus, well, he was the man who sold the world. Still, the life of the rock god bears a certain resemblance to that of the son of god, a point *Jesus Christ Superstar* exploited 20 years ago. The likeness lies in the protagonist's relationship to glory, as he mutates from unknown rebel to prime-time hero to abject corpse, crucified for/by his celebrity. And is eventually resurrected and rejoined with the disciples in Heaven, i.e., the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame.

Why have people cherished this narrative for nearly two millennia? Why do we keep acting it out? And what's in it for the martyr? There's the sex, drugs, and toadies, of course. If you've ever known individuals crowned by fame, you've been exposed to their heightened sense of personal significance—which ensures that any return to "normal" life, the one where other people don't honor every belch, will seem a cruel and bitter hell. Suicide's an attractive option, because you're guaranteed one headline. It's advisable to jump at the top of game, though—leagues more tragic, god kn

Meanwhile, the rest of us clutch our cop *Entertainment Weekly* to our breasts and the celebrity drums. What is the payoff so sheep and the mule and the cattle, gather-



CHRIS HENDERSON

incandescence that must fill the artist as she moves through the ceremony, adoration pouring down from the balconies. It is not a small or unmagical thing for a theater, an arena, a nation of people to focus their energies onto one or even 30 individuals and lift them up. It is not a small or unmagical thing when a great artist, like Jesus, shapes the energy and sends it back to the people as wisdom and love.

Unfortunately, that doesn't happen enough—I think because our stars are just people, and people forget that the strength they borrowed is not theirs to own. I wish we could stop worshipping people (or gods that masquerade as people). Because, in this deep week in particular, a story about a brilliant sun that comes to warm and heal us, then dies to darkness, only to rise yet again—a story such as that is comfort-

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